An Account of a

CONFERENCE

BETWEEN

His GRACE *GEORGE*

LATE

Duke of *Buckingham*,

AND

FATHER *FITZ-GERALD*

AN

IRISH PRIEST:

Whom King *James* II. ſent to His Grace in his Sickneſs, to endeavour to pervert him to the *Popiſh* Perſwaſion.

Faithfully taken by one of his Domeſticks.

Printed for *J. Ware* Book-ſeller in *High-ſtreet*, over-againſt St. *Michael*'s-Church. Where you may be Furniſhed with all Sorts of School-Books, Hiſtories, Maps, Mazetinto's and Prints, at reaſonable Rates, 1714.

1607/3526.

An Account of a

CONFERENCE,

between His Grace *George*, late Duke of *Buckingham*, and Father *Fitzgerald* an *Irish* Priest, &c.

Priest. MAY it please your Grace, I come from his Majesty, who sent me on purpose to wait on you.

Duke. *I am exceedingly beholding to his Majesty for all his favours. I thought I had long ago been out of his remembrance: Pray, Sir, take a Chair. And what may your Errand be?*

Priest. His Majesty being informed of your Grace's Illness, and, as it becomes a Prince, who has a true regard for his Subjects, compassionating the dangerous circumstances you are in at present, commanded me to use my best Endeavours to reclaim your Grace from that heretical Communion, 'tis now your unhappiness to embrace, and reconcile you to the Catholick Church, out of which there is no Salvation.

Duke. *I perceive, Sir, you're a Priest. S--am bring up a Bottle of Wine and clean Glasses——— do you smoak Sir?*

Priest. An't please your Grace, I did not come to drink, but—— Duke.

Duke. *Well, well, a glaſs now and t won't ſpoil Converſation. But do yo Sir, there's no ſalvation to be had ou pale of the Catholick Church.*

Prieſt. 'Tis not my private O the great Doctors of our Church it.

Duke. *And by this Catholick Chu mean the Church of* Rome, don't you?

Prieſt. I do.

Duke. *Why then Father, I am afraid you'l find it a hard matter to bring me to have a good Opinion of her.* (Enter Boy with the Bottle and Glaſſes) *Set them down before us and get you gone. Come, Father, here's to his Majeſties good health.*

Prieſt, I humbly thank your Grace but you have fill'd me too unmercifully, I can never——

Duke. *Never, take off ſuch a trifle, you are no Prieſt then. Come, I'le engage it never indiſpoſes you. What wou'd the King ſay to you, ſhou'd he know you refus'd his Health.*

Prieſt. Well, then I ſubmit. His Majeſty's (*Drinks off his Glaſs*) health, and your Grace's commands muſt never be diſputed.

Duke. *But all this while, Father, you take no* (playing with the Cork) *notice of my fine Gelding here. Do but obſerve his exquiſite ſhape. What a fine turn'd neck is there?*

His

Eyes how lively and full? His pace, how ſtick and noble? I'll lay a hundred Guin- e's nothing in New-market *can th him.*

An't pleaſe your Grace I ſee no

Duke. *Why, don't you ſee me play with ain, ſtroke him under the Belly, clap Buttocks, and manage him as I pleaſe.*

Prieſt. Either your Grace is merrily diſpos'd, or elſe your illneſs has had a very unlucky effect upon your Grace's Imagination. Upon my ſincerity I ſee nothing but a Cork in your hands.

Duke. *How my Horſe dwindled into a fooliſh piece of Cork? Come, Father, this is very unkindly done of you, to turn the fineſt Gelding in* Europe, *whoſe Sire was a true* Arab, *and had a better genealogy to ſhow, than the beſt Gentleman in* Wales *or* Scotland *can pretend to; nay, whoſe illuſtrious Anceſtors have had the honour to carry ſeveral Sultans of* Babilon, *Caliphs of* Ægypt, *Grand Signiors of* Conſtantinople, *and Xeriffs of* Morocco *upon their backs, to turn I ſay a Creature ſo well deſcended into an inſignificant idle Cork.——It ſurprizes me, it puts me into confuſion, I can't tell what to ſay or do; therefore at my requeſt once more obſerve him more carefully, and tell me your Opinion.*

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Not to flatter then this melancholly humour in your Grace, which may but ſerve to confirm and rivit the more in you, I muſt roundly and tell your Grace, that 'tis a Cork, and nothing but a Cork.

Duke. *'Tis hard, that a Perſon of Quality's word won't be taken in ſuch a matter, where I have not the leaſt proſpect of getting a farthing by impoſing upon you. But, Father, how do you make good your Aſſertion? I ſay ſtill 'tis a Horſe, you tell me 'tis a Cork; how ſhall this difference be made up between us?*

Prieſt. Very eaſily; For inſtance, I firſt examine (*taking the Cork from the Duke*) it by my Smell, and that tells me 'tis Cork. I next conſult my ſight, and that affirms the ſame; then I judge it by my Teaſt, and ſtill 'tis Cork. In ſhort my Touch aſſures me 'tis Cork, and my Ears that have heard the Deſcription of this Bark, a hundred times, concur in the ſame Story. 'Tis impoſſible, that all my Senſes ſhould be banter'd and cheated in an Affair of this Nature, and they are the proper judges to appeal to upon ſuch Occaſions.

Duke. *Nay, ſince you are ſo poſitive, Father, I won't conteſt the matter with you, but e'en let it be a Cork. The Fumes ariſing from my illneſs (which I thank you for not flattering)*

perceive had ſomewhat diſorder'd me; but now they are blown over, and I ſee, as plain, as a pike ſtaff, that 'tis nothing but a Cork.--- So pray, Father, if you pleaſe, to the buſineſs

Prieſt. I preſume your Grace believes the Trinity.

Duke. *Hark you, Father, before you proceed a ſtep farther, thou'rt plaguily miſtaken, if thou think'ſt to make the Trinity a ſtepping ſtone to Tranſubſtantiation. I thought you came to reconciſe me to thoſe points, about which the two Churches differ, and not to ſpend your breath to no purpoſe upon a ſubject, wherein we are agreed.*

Prieſt. Be it ſo then, and ſince your Grace has mention'd to Tranſubſtantiation, we'll enter into the merits of that Controverſie. I need not remind your Grace, that no Article of our Holy Religion is ſo expreſly laid down in Scripture as that, for what can be plainer than *Hoc eſt Corpus meum?*

Duke. *But under favour, Father, 'tis not ſo plain, as you imagine. 'Tis certain the primitive Chriſtians believed nothing of the matter, nor ever dream't of a corporal preſence: for what Tragical work would* Lucian, Prophyry, Celſus, *and the other Learned Adverſaries of Chriſtianity, have made with the Chriſtian Apologiſts, who uſed to charge the Pagans*

Pagans with Barbarity of their humane ſacrifices, expoſe the foible *of their Deities, and droll upon old* Saturn, *for devouring his own Children, had Tranſubſtantiation been the avowed Belief of thoſe primitive Times? How wou'd they have inſulted the Chriſtians, and turn'd off the edge of this Recrimination from themſelves. Cou'd they have taxed the Chriſtians with that moſt abſurd, and moſt barbarous principle of eating the very God that made and redeem'd them?*

Prieſt. However, this Article, as abſurd and monſtrous as your Grace repreſents it, has the Countenance of Fathers and Oecumenical Councils, and has been aſſerted by all the Celebrated Doctors of the Greek and Latin Church, not to mention a conſtant ſeries of Miracles, that have ſupported it ever ſince the Inſtitution of our Religion.

Duke. *As for your Fathers and Councils, I value them not a farthing. They are Men, as well as we, and conſequently, as liable to mistakes. Beſides, I muſt tell you plainly, 'tis not fair to mention them out of a Library, where you may immediately be ſatisfied whether the quotation is honeſt, or to any other but ſuch who have carefully read them over in the Originals, whereas, 'tis common with you Prieſts to make a great pother about them to Tradesmen, and Sea-men. 'Tis plain, the Fathers,*

Coun-

Councils were never intended to be the Regulators of our Faith; for three parts in four of Mankind, have neither capacity nor leisure to read them; and of those few that do, fewer understand them, *and even those that pretend to understand them are at endless Wars whether they are genuine or no, and make no scruple to reject them when they don't serve their turn.*

Priest. To let your Grace see I am a fair Adversary, I will at present lay aside both Fathers and Councils, and appeal even to your own Translation of the Bible where at the institution of this Misterious Sacrament, our Saviour expresly tells his Disciples *This is my Body.*

Duke. *So the tells them in the same Book* I am the Door, *and*, I am the Vine; *and yet I never heard that any sett of Men, or any particular Man was ever so frantick as to maintain, that he was either a* Door, *or a* Vine, *tho' they have as plain a Text to countenance it as you have for Transubstantiation. All these are figurative Expressions, such as daily occur in common conversation, and none but Fools out of ignorance, or Knaves out of interest, interpet them in the literal sense----- But to dismiss this digression, prithee tell me, honest Father, whether at the celebration of the last Supper our Saviour gave himself to be verily and really eaten by his Disciples.*

Priest.

Prieſt. No doubt on't, for what ſays St. *Auſtin* upon this Occaſion? *Chriſtus portavit ſeipſum manibus ſuis.*

Duke. *If that Father was ſuch a Coxcomb as to expreſs himſelf ſo fooliſhly, what's that to me? —— Well then if our Saviour was really eaten by his Diſciples at that Supper, it follows of courſe, that he was really dead, and that he ſuffer'd death, and was made an oblation for the ſins of Mankind, before he offer'd himſelf a victim to the Juſtice of his Father upon the Croſs, which I ſuppoſe you will hardly maintain.*

Prieſt. May it pleaſe your Grace theſe are Miſteries imparted to us by Divine Revelation, which we are, with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to believe, tho' they ſhock our Reaſon and Senſes never ſo much.

Duke. *I ſee, Father, I muſt refreſh your Memory with a piece of Cork, which I poſitively affirm once more to be a Horſe: Juſt now you wou'd be govern'd by the Senſes, in thoſe matters, that properly belong to your Tribunal but now you diſown the Juriſdiction of the Court, which is not honeſtly done.*

Prieſt. But in matters of Faith——

Duke. *And what of all that? No Man ſhall ever perſwade me to believe, againſt the plain conviction of my Senſes—— Here's a conſecrated Wafer, you tell me 'tis God Al-*

mighty; I say 'tis a piece of Bread, and no thing else. If I examine it by my Taſt, 'ti Bread. if by my ſmell, ſight and touch, 'ti Bread ſtill. Now why, for the ſake of dubious Phraſe, which is agreeable to Senſ and Reaſon, when underſtood Metaphorica ly, but involves a million of contradiction and abſurdities. when taken literally, ſhoul I ſet up a moſt monſtrous and impious Doctrin in downright oppoſition to common Senſ and Reaſon, to the end of our Saviour's ſuf fering upon the Croſs, which was to be per formed but once, and not daily, as you aſſer in ten thouſand different places, and laſtly t the Majeſty of the Divine Eſſence.

Prieſt. My Lord Duke, you muſ humble your Reaſon to reconcile you ſelf to this Holy Miſtery, which ever the Angels themſelves don't comprehend

Duke. *Our Saviour, when he firſt inſti tuted his Religion, wrought ſeveral Miracles before the people, by which he appeal'd to their Senſes, ſo 'tis plain, he thought 'em the pro per Judges of Miracles. When you have a* Mahometan *or* Pagan *to convert, you tell him of theſe ſame Miracles, and that they cou'd proceed from nothing but a Divine po wer, and ſo you get him into your Church, but as ſoon as you have got him there, you preach up quite contrary Doctrine, and tell him he muſt renounce his Reaſon and Senſes;*

under

under pain of damnation. Thus you ſubtilly appeal to his Senſes, to wheedle him into St. Peter's Net, but when you have him ſafe there, you muſt lay them aſide as Enemies to the Catholick Truth.

Prieſt. As abſurd as your Grace looks upon this Doctrine to be, 'tis believed by the Majority of the Chriſtian World.

'Duke. That's worſe and worſe ſtill: In all Ages and Nations of the World, Error ever drew more Proſelites after to, than the Truth--- But not to combat ſo inhumane as well as nonſenſical a Tenant any longer, I'le tell you a ſhort Story. When I was ſent Ambaſſador from the late King to *Paris*, in the Year 1670. I took over with me, a young Black-a-more Boy, who cou'd juſt make a ſhift to be underſtood in *Engliſh*; and this Boy one Holy-day-Morning, went along with ſome of my Gentlemen to ſee the Curioſities of ſo remarkable a City, and all of them at laſt went into *Notredame* Church, as the Prieſt was celebrating Maſs, at the High Maſs. The Lad was perfectly ſurprized at their rich Habits, and fine Muſick; and when the Prieſt came to the *Elevation* he ask'd one of my Gentlemen, what that white thing was, which the Man in the party-colour'd

'Coat held up in his Fingers? Why (re-
'plies he) theſe People believe it to be
'God Almighty. Not long after, at aſide
'Altar he ſaw a Prieſt giving the Wafer
'to a parcel of People upon their Knees,
'and putting it into their Mouths. What
'(cries he to the Gentleman) do they
'eat their God after they have ſo ſolemn-
'ly Worſhipt him; Yes, anſwers he,
'this is their Belief. The Boy was ſo
'ſtrangely confounded at what he had
'obſerved, that he ſpoke not a ſyllable
'when he came home, but was moping
'and muſing by himſelf. I cou'd not but
'take notice of this alteration in him
'at Dinner: So *Tom*, (ſays I to him)
'what's the matter with thee, if thou'r
'ill, go down to the Houſe-keeper. No
'cries he, I am not Sick, but I have ſeen
'a very odd ſight this Morning, that
'can't help thinking on. I ſaw a Man
'in fine Cloaths ſhow the People God
'and they fell upon their Knees, and
'beat their Breaſts, and afterwards
'ſaw this Man put God into their Mouth
'and they ſwallowed him. Well, ſays
'and where's the harm of that, *Tom*
'don't know, ſays the Boy, why the
'ſhould eat God, ſince he does us no
'harm, but if they have that power over
'the Devil, I Wiſh we had a hundred

'C

'or two of theſe fine Men in our Coun-
'try to eat the Devil for us; for we can-
'not reſt for him at Nights, he pinches
'us in the Arms, Sours our Palm Wine,
'ſpoils our Victuals and is ſo plaguy
'Miſchievous, he and his young Cubs,
'that we ſhould be glad to get rid of him
'at any Rate. And this Reflection a
'poor Ignorant *Lad* juſt come from
'Guinea made of himſelf.

Prieſt. I am ſorry to ſee your Grace in a diſpoſition ſo unfit to receive thoſe ſublime Truths, but pray let me ask you one ſober Queſtion. Is it not ſafer as well as more diſcret, to flie into the Arms of a Church that is infallible, than be guided by a wandring Meteor, by an *Ignis fatuus*, for I never heard the Gentlemen of your Communion pretend to be exempt from Error.

Duke. *That ſhows their Modeſty, and I promiſe you, Father, to reply to you more particularly to this point, when your Doctors have agreed where to lodge their Infallibility. In the mean time, 'tis not worth your while to talk of it, for I ſhall lead you ſuch a Wild-Gooſe Chace from general Councils, to the Conclave, and from thence to the* Cathedra, *and ſo back again, in an Everlaſting Circle, that you'll ſoon be weary of the Labirinth.*

Prieſt

Priest. Well then, your Grace cannot but own, that we are the only Church, that are possess'd of the sacred Treasure of Miracles; and these are such evident Demonstrations of———

Duke. *Well, Father, since we have fallen again, I don't know how, upon the Chapter of Miracles, I will take care to entertain you with one that happen'd but last Winter in* Northumberland, *and comes confirmed from so many hands, both Catholick and Protestant, that he must be a very rank Infidel indeed, who dares dispute the Credibility of it. But as I have one of the most Treacherous Memories in the World, I won't pretend to relate it to you my self, but one of my Servants shall do it.* ----*Here*; (to one of his Gentlemen coming into the Room) *go bid* Long John *come to me immediately.*

Priest. Your Grace may save your self that trouble, if you please, for I am as well satisfied as if I had heard it.

Duke. *Nay, you're no Priest for my money, if you refuse to hear a Miracle, and what is more, a Catholick Miracle,* (Long John Enters.) *Come* John, *you must oblige this Worthy Gentleman here, who is come upon no less Errand than the Salvation of your Master's Soul, with the Relation of that famous Miracle that happen'd last Winter in* Northumberland.

John

John Your Grace had always a right to command me. Why then, Sir, you are to underſtand, that within two Miles of my Lord *Widdrington*'s Houſe in the above mentioned Country, there was a ſmall Village, (I am ſorry I have forgot its Name, but I hope I ſhall recover it anon) which wholly belongs to his Lordſhip, by the ſame token moſt of the Inhabitants, in Complaiſance, I ſuppoſe to their Landlord, are Roman Catholicks.

Duke. *Very well, proceed.*

John. An ancient Woman of this Village was accidently ſitting at her Door, about Three in the Afternoon, when my Lord's Prieſt happened to bruſh by her, She immediately ran after him, and told him, dear Father, you muſt never think of going to his Lordſhip to Night, the ways are ſlippery and full of Sloughs, the days are ſhort, and you'll certainly be benighted before you can have got half the way thither; I tremble to think what would become of you, ſhould you looſe the Road, or fall into a Ditch; therefore let me perſwade you to accept of a ſorry Supper and Lodging at my Houſe: I am ſure my Lord will not be offended with you, and to morrow you'll have the whole day before you.

Duke. *And what Reply made the Prieſt to all this?*

John.

John. After a little humming and hawing upon the matter, he conſider'd 'twou'd be his wiſeſt way to take up his Quarters that night at the old Woman's, ſo he follow'd her to her Houſe, ſhe led him into a pretty ſnng warm Parlour, made him a Fire Noſe high, then going into the Yard, ſlew a Barn-Door Fowl with her own Hands, clapt it on the Spit, and when 'twas ready, neatly Diſh'd it up with Egg-ſawce, and who ſo chearful as ſhe and the Prieſt over their Supper?

Duke. *'Twas well done.*

John. Reſolving to give ſo worthy a Gueſt the beſt Entertainment her Houſe afforded, after Supper ſhe preſented him with a Diſh of Nuts of her own gathering, and then thawck'd his Guts with Apples and Ale, and was very liberal of her Nutmeg and Sugar. Thus they paſt'd away the hours merrily: At laſt Bed-time approached. Our good old Landlady ſhow'd the Father the Chamber he was to Lie in, wiſhed him a happy Night, and departed; but being a curions Woman, as moſt of the Sex are poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of curioſity, ſhe peep'd through the Key-hole, to ſee how the Prieſt manag'd matters by himſelf.

Prieſt

Prieſt. Honeſt Friend you may drop your Miracle here, if you pleaſe, I'll hear no more on't.---

Duke. Father your zeal has got the heels of your Diſcretion. Upon my Word here's no trap laid for a Bawdy Jeſt, nothing in ſhort, but what her Majeſty and Maids of Honour may hear.

John. To her infinite ſurprize and admiration ſhe ſaw him jump ſtark naked as ever he was born, not into the Sheets; tho' they ſmelt moſt deliciouſly of Lavender and Roſes, but into the Blankets. Down Stairs ſhe hurries, full of Grief and Confuſion, which wou'd not let her wink all Night; *and Lord*, cries ſhe, *what a wicked Age is this we live in, how, cold and uncharitable, when a Perſon of ſuch Merit and Learning, who has reſided too ſo long in the Family, has not a Shirt put on his Back? I cou'd never have thought my Lord ſo niggardly.* Theſe Afflicting thoughts, holly occaſioned by her Zeal for Religion and the Profeſſors of it, made that impreſſion upon her, that ſhe did not enjoy a minutes repoſe that night. Early ſhe gets up the next Morning, and meaſured out ſix Ells of the fineſt Flaxen Linnen ſhe had which was of her own Spinning. Preſently down comes the Father into her Parlour ſhe enquires of him how he paſt the Night, and was raviſhed with Joy to hear he had ſlept ſo well. After this, comes in a thundering Toaſt, with a full Tankard of humming Stale Beer: The Prieſt and ſhe ſoon ended it between them, and now ſhe had courage enough to tell him, that ſhe had obſerved the Night before. Father ſays ſhe, I beg your pardon for being ſo impudent as to peep thro' your key-hole laſt night; and really I was grieved to the Heart to ſee, that a

Gentleman of your Education and great Parts ſhould be without a Shirt. Come, never bluſh for the matter, I know 'tis ſo; but here are ſix Ells of my beſt Linnen, which will make you two very good Shirts, and I humbly deſire you to accept of them.

Duke. *Why, Father, here's the Quinteſſence of true Chriſtianity for you.*

John. Well, Daughter, replies he, I accept of your Preſent in good part (for Prieſts and Lawyers are ſeldom guilty of refunding) not that I ſhall haue any occaſion of making uſe of it myſelf, for you muſt underſtand, I belong to an Order, which obliges us to wear Woollen next our Skin, but it may ſerve to make Towels for the Altar, and the like, and therefore I will take it with me: Then ordering the good Woman to kneel, he gave her his Benediction, and Pray'd that whatever ſhe begun to do after he was gone ſhe might continue a doing till Sun-ſetting.

Duke. *And what happen'd upon that?*

John. Our Landlady, little imagining, that a Miracle was entailed upon the Father's Bleſſing, very innocently fell to meaſure the ſmall remainder of Linnen ſhe had left, when to her great aſtoniſhment, and that of her Family, ſhe continued in this poſture till the Sun was ſet, and got ſuch a prodigious quantity of Linnen by this means, that the next Week ſhe was able to buy out her Leaſe, and is now the Toppiſh Dame of the Pariſh.

Duke. *What think you now, Father, of* Lord John's *Story.*

John. This Miracle in a moment run through the four Northern Counties; every Village a

Ham

Hamlet rung of it; nay it crosſ'd the *Tweed*, and fill'd the Ears of the unbelieving *Scots*. The Prieſt, wherever he came was Worſhipt and Reſpected like a little Divinity, and the Woman was magnified by all as a true pattern of the primitive Zeal, Piety, and Charity, ſince Heaven had been at the Pains to reward her ſo extraordinary.

Prieſt. Honeſt Friend let me deſire you to be as conciſe, as you can for in plain truth I am weary of your ſtory already.

John. At the lower end of this Village (where the above mentioned Miraculous Scene happened) liv'd another old Woman, a Catholick likewiſe by Perſwaſion, who hoping to gain as much by her Godlineſs as her Neighbour had done before her, looked out as ſharply for the Father as a *Yorkſhire* Attorney does for a purſe-proud litigious Client. At laſt to her mighty ſatisfaction ſhe ſees him go by her door, immediatly ſhe Trots after him, tells him of the depth of the ways, and the great danger he run of being loſt, deſires him to conſult his own ſafety, and not expoſe himſelf to thoſe Caſualties which he might ſo reaſonably expect from the badneſs of the ways, and the darkneſs of the nights. With theſe plauſible Inſinuations ſhe wheedles the Prieſt into her Houſe, and to ſecure him entirely into her Intereſt, treats him with a ſhoulder of Mutton and a couple of Capons for ſupper.

Duke. *She took the right courſe to gain her point I muſt needs own; for ever while you live, Father, tickle a Prieſt and a Woman by the Belly, if you intend to make them yours.*

John. When the Table-cloath was taken away, our cunning Hypocrite, who was resolved to out-do her Neighbours Entertainment in every respect, and therefore had laid in her Provisions accordingly, brings in a double bottle of Metheglin, fills a Bumper and begins prosperity to the Catholick Religion. She tells the Father, that a judicious Person told her, that a Cardinal was coming from Rome, who was to make his publick appearance in *Cheapside*, in Cloath of beaten Silver and Gold, marry was he, and that he was to convert the whole Nation, and then, Father (says she) we shall see happy times. The honest Priest was so taken up with his Pot and Pipe, that he neither opposed, nor seem'd to approve her Discourse. In this manner they drank and prattled, till the Liquor finding a way into their Petticraniums, they cou'd hardly see one another. The Priest, unable to hold up his Head any longer, desired to be conducted to the Room where he was to lie that Night, the old Woman, with much ado, gets him up staits, leads him to his bed, wishes him a thousand good-nights, and so leaves him with a trusty Jug of Ale by his Bed-side that if he waked in the night, he might have something to refresh his Conscience and Thirst at once.

Duke. *Well said* John.

John. By that time the Priest had rigged himself and was come down into the Parlour, our ancient Matron had tossed up a nice Break-fast, out of the Remainders of the Capons, which being highly

ghly ſeaſon'd proved a very effectual
noeing-horn for t'other Bumper. And
ow with Tears in her eyes, ſhe began
e ſame Story, as her Neighbour had
ne, lamenting the horrid Ingratitude
the times, that ſo *Learned* and *Devout*
Man. as he ſhould want a Shirt; to
event which for the future, as far as it
y within her ſmall capacity, ſhe made
ld to make him a ſmall preſent of a
zen Ells of her beſt *Linnen* Cloath.

Prieſt. You'll never have done I'm a-
aid-

John. The Prieſt, who was not Con-
rer enough to dive into the bottom of
r Heart, to know whether ſhe was
ided by any Mercenary by-ends, or
hether her Intentions were real, hear-
y thanked her for the noble preſent ſhe
d made him, and folding it up under
s great Coat, bid her kneel down, and
ying his Sacerdotal Fiſt upon her Head
gave her his Bleſſing, and pray'd,
at whatever this good Woman began
do after he was gone, ſhe might con-
nue a doing till Sun-ſetting.

Duke. *And what fell out upon this?*

John. The Father was no ſooner got
er the Threſhold, but our Matron,
ho had laid all her Tackle in readineſs,
as going to meaſure the remainder of
her

her Linnen; but then conſidering upo ſecond thoughts, what a large Morning Draught ſhe had taken with the Prieſt and being a Wiſe Prudent Woman int the Bargain, ſhe thought it wou'd b convenient to make a little water, befor ſhe fell to work. She did ſo, and conti nued in mingent circumſtances from th morning till night, evacuating ſo plent ful a Stream, that ſhe in a manner occa ſioned a ſecond Deluge. In ſhort, all th low Land in *Northumberland* ſuffered b it. Twenty four Mills upon ſtrict ex mination were found to be overwhelm by this ſudden inundation, beſides Co tages and Hay-ricks numberleſs. Th old Woman, conſcinceous of her own D ceit and Hypocriſie, has not dare to ſho her head among her Neighbours ſin this fatal Accident. All true Catholic rejoyce at the juſt diſpenſation of He ven's Favours, and ſo my Story conclud

Duke. *Come* John, *there's ſomething make you amends for the pains you have tak* (John bows and quits the Room.) *Father, what's your Opinion now of this M racle.*

Prieſt. Out of reſpect to your Grac was content to ſit out the whole Sto tho' I gueſs'd at firſt, whereabouts would end. But ſince your Grac

ple

leas'd to demand my Opinion, all I can
y in the matter is, that it was contri-
ed on purpoſe to make us poor ſuffering
atholicks ridiculous to the People.

Duke. *Alas! poor Sufferers, in troth I*
itty you, However, Father, I dare lay a
mall Wager with you, that when your
hurch has Suffer'd once ſhe has made the
eformed Suffer a hundred times. I need
ot deſcend to Particulars, every Country in
Europe *being able to bear Teſtimony to this*
ruth.

Prieſt. I find then, I can expect to
ake no Proſelite of your Grace.

Duke. *Be aſſured, that neither you nor*
ny of your Cloth will ever gain that point
pon me—— I tell thee, Father, frankly and
reely, that were there no Idolatry, nor Su-
erſtition, nor Cheating practiſed by thy Church
s I am ſure there is, I wou'd have nothing
o do with her, while ſhe damns all that are
ot within her own Pale, which is almoſt
hree parts in four of the Globe. A Church
without Charity, the diſtinguiſhing Chara-
cter of our Religion, for all ſhe Glitters with
Jewels and Gold, is no Church for me I pro-
miſe you.

Prieſt. Tho' I have been unſucceſsful
in my well-meant Endeavours, yet I ſhall
always continue to pray for your Grace's
Converſion.

Duke.

Duke. *As for that, do as you please,* [illegible] *signifies nothing; but fail not to commend m* [illegible] *to their Majesties, and tell them, that tho' I cannot bring my self to be of their perswasion yet they have not a more dutiful Subject* [illegible] *their three Dominions than I am.* After a few Compliments, his Grace and the Priest parted.

FINIS

15 MAY

&c.